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death wins the SWEEPSTAKES

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By WILLIAM IRISH

The story thus far: Reporting wife Mrs. Jonathan Mead that she's now a widow, newspaperman Stephen Archer, who thinks that her first husband, Harry Mead, deserves more than bought anonymity, tells her he's going to Boston in a futile search for the missing counterfoil. Under the street, Archer leaves the house and reporter Walter Westcott suggests that the ticket stub buried with Mead and serious exhumation. Later, Archer is shocked by the idea and urges his wife not to disturb the dead. The next night . . . Go on with the story.

CHAPTER THREE

The surround Mrs. Archer followed Westcott out of the taxi with a visible effort. Her face was deathly white under the blinding arc lights at the cemetery entrance. A night watchman, opened a small pedestrian wicket in the massive gilded gates, dimed after him.

"Don't take it that way," Westcott tried to console her. "We're not guilty of any crime by doing this. We have a court order properly signed and perfectly legal. You're the dead-man's wife."

"I know, but when Archer finds out . . ." She cast a look behind her into the dark. "I wonder why he was in opposition—"

Mrs. Archer paused, then asked, "Will it take very long?" as they followed the watchman, who replied, "They've been at work for half an hour. I phoned ahead as soon as the permit was secured."

She stiffened spasmodically against the reporter's arm which was linked protectively to hers. "You won't have to look," he calmed her. "With part of the money you can build him a classy mausoleum. Now just sit here in the gatekeeper's lodge and try to keep your mind off it. I'll be back as soon as it's been done."

Westcott followed the watchman along the main gravelled walk that seemed to bisect the place, the white pill of his guide's torch rolling along the ground in front of them until they had come to a group of motionless figures eerily waiting for them by the light of a couple of lanterns placed on the ground.

The casket was up and standing a hillock of excavated soil, waiting for Westcott to get there.

"All right, go-ahead," he said curtly. "Here's the authorization."

They took a cold chisel to the lid, and sprung it. Then they pried it with a crowbar. Soon one of the workmen said, "It's all yours, mister."

Westcott went over and squatted on his haunches beside the open coffin. Somebody was helpfully keeping the light trained directly down before him.

Westcott irrelevantly turned his head aside, then turned it back again. "I just want something in the pockets."

The watchman handed him a pair of rubber gloves. Westcott drew them on with a faint snapping sound. He reached down and unbuttoned the double-breasted jacket, and his hand went unhesitatingly toward the upper-left vest pocket. Two fingers hooked soundingly, disappeared into blue serge. They came out again empty, shifted to the lower pocket on that same side, absorbed themselves there. They came up with a folded sample of crisp-like paper that rattled.

The sharp light moved and Westcott blinked. "Keep the light away from the face, I told—" He must have seen something unexpected in the brief instant it had been up where it shouldn't have been for—"Light up that face!" he suddenly commanded.

Westcott only had eyes for that white face. Soon he said two things. "Dim-lum," and then, "Adieu."

Mrs. Archer was standing inside him in the caretaker's lodge, adjusted fichu in her hand when men carrying the coffin went by in the gloom a few minutes later. She clothed at his sleeve.

"Is that him they're carrying out? Where to?"

"The morgue, Mrs. Archer. Let's go now."

As she was about to re-enter the taxi outside the grounds, she drew back. "Just a minute. I promised Stephen to bring an evening paper. There's a newsstand on the other side of the road."

Westcott waited by the cab while she went over to it alone, and asked, "The Bulletin, please?"

The news vendor shook his head. "Never heard of it, lady. Are you sure?"

"I ought to, lady. I handle every paper published in the city and never yet come across one called the Bulletin."

When Mrs. Archer rejoined Westcott, she explained, quietly, "I changed my mind." She was very quiet in the taxi, seemed lost in thought. But she accepted his invitation to stop at a restaurant.

When seated therein, Westcott asserted, "I've been assigned to do a feature article about you, Mrs. Archer. Human-interest stuff, you know. That's why I'd like to ask you a few questions."

Before she could comment, he went on: "Your first husband died quite suddenly, didn't he? Just what were the circumstances?"

"He hadn't been feeling well for several days . . . indigestion. We'd finished dinner that night when he complained of feeling ill and I suggested he go outside for a breath of fresh air. He went out in back to potter around in the little truck-garden."

"In the dark?"

"He took a pocket-light with him."

"Go ahead." He was taking notes in shorthand or something while she spoke — as newspapermen don't do.

"About half an hour went by. I heard a crash somewhere near at hand, but nothing else, so I didn't investigate. Then shortly after Stephen—Mr. Archer—dropped around for a friendly visit. He and Harry would sit and talk the way men do, over a couple of highballs.

"Well, I went to the back door to call Harry. I could see his light lying on the ground, but he didn't answer. We found him lying there, writhing and unable to speak. His eyes were rolling and he seemed to be in convulsions. Stephen and I carried him in and I phoned for the doctor. By the time he'd come, Harry was dead. The doctor said it was an attack of acute indigestion, plus a shock to his heart, perhaps brought on by

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Thief Who Received Beating Gets Suspended Sentence

BURNABY — Magistrate G. A. Grant Monday gave a six months suspended sentence to Clyde Robertson, 4551 Kingsway, charged with theft of a turkey because Robertson had received "physical punishment" from the turkey owner.

Robertson was ordered to sign a $100 bond to keep the peace for six months and to pay $7 for the turkey and $5 court costs.

Sub-Inspector Alex McDonald, RC Police, told court the accused entered Alex McLachlan's turkey pen at 3256 South, had killed one turkey and was "decapping" when Mr. McLachlan caught him. Following a struggle Robertson was detained until arrival of police.

"No noise of that crash I told you about."

He lifted his eyes at her. "I am convinced that 'crash' had something to do with jeopardizing it on. And you mean the coroner passed it off as acute indigestion."

"Yes," she answered.

Westcott went ahead as though he hadn't heard her. "You say Archer was the salesman who insured Mead? In your favor?"

"Yes."

"Was it for a large amount?" "Is it necessary to know all this for a newspaper article? Furthermore, you're no reporter, and never were; there is no such paper as the Bulletin. You're a detective." Her voice frayed with hysteria. "What are you questioning me like this for?"

(An extraordinary confession is made in tomorrow's chapter of Death Wins The Sweepstakes.)

Buckingham Theatre tonight
CJOR 6:30-7
It's Certain Time

FOR BRONCHITIS YOU CAN'T BEAT BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

SOLEMN TRIBUTE PAID
Nation Honors Dead of Two Wars

By Canadian Press

Canada's fallen of two world wars were remembered in solemn Remembrance Day ceremonies yesterday, highlighted by the service on snow-flecked Parliament Hill at Ottawa.

There more than 8000 doffed their hats in tribute during the two minutes' silence and watched the placing of wreaths on the Cenotaph by Field Marshal Alexander, Acting Prime Minister St. Laurent and others. Mrs. C. H. Laberge of Ottawa acted as representative of the motherhood of Canada.

In other parts of Ontario rain and heavily clouded skies added to the solemnity of the occasion. Western Canada's ceremonies generally were held in clear, cold weather while skies were mainly clouded in Quebec and the Maritimes.

CANON COLLAPSES

The Ottawa observance was further saddened by the death of Canon H. A. Alderwood, superintendent of Indian school administration for the Church of England in Canada, who collapsed during the ceremony and died on the way to hospital.

In cold and sunny weather at Winnipeg 1200 men from veterans associations and Active and Reserve Army units paraded to the Cenotaph.

Several thousand attended Cenotaph ceremonies at Edmonton. 2' was followed by a mass parade of veterans' organizations, active and reserve military forces, police and women's auxiliaries.

A huge crowd attended ceremonies at the armories and Cenotaph in Regina, despite five above-zero temperatures and cold winds. Lieutenant-Governor R. J. M. Parker and Provincial Secretary Fines took the salute during a military parade.

CCF Slash Staff Wages

Sharp reductions in provincial salary expenditures will be made this year by CCF provincial executive according to treasurer Frank McKenzie.

The move, made necessary by increased use of radio and a deficit for this year, will halve salary expenditures with a resultant decrease in staff employed by the party.

"The amount of estimated funds provincially subsidized," Mr. McKenzie said, "will be less than one per cent of last year's total."

Child's Colds
To relieve miseries without dosing, rub on VICKS VAPORUB

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BAYCREST is the new name of the former DICTATOR radio, famous for its guarantee of satisfaction and enjoyment. Like the DICTATOR, your BAYCREST radio is found exclusively at The BAY.
Radios, Fifth Floor.
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THE BAY'S STORE HOURS 9 A.M. TO 5:30 P.M. CLOSED ALL DAY WEDNESDAY

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